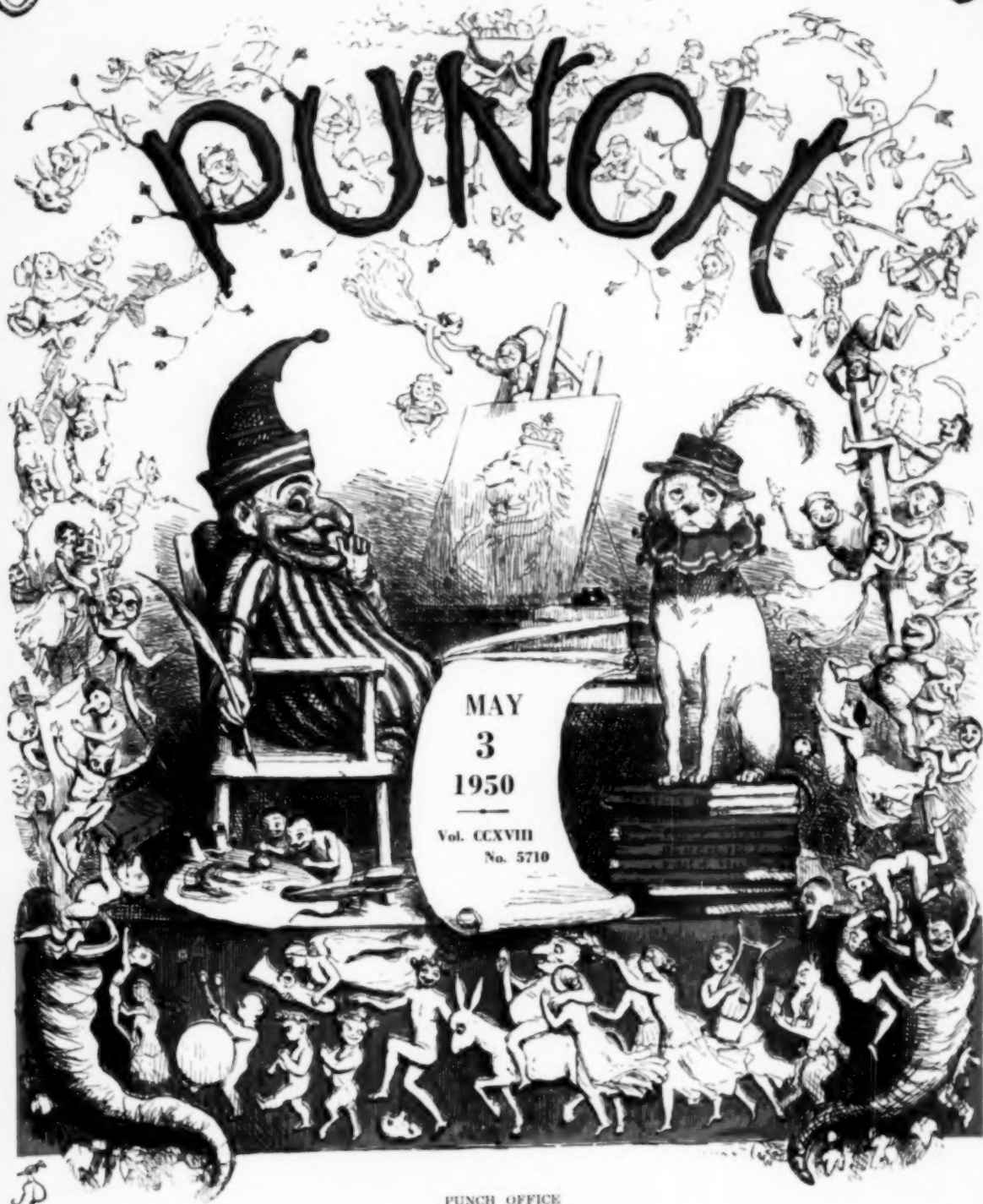


6^d

PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARTER—WEDNESDAY MAY 3 1950

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

FRANCE

Silver sands, golden sands, rocks red as the sunset or black as night, snow-white cliffs, pine-clad dunes . . . resorts the very hub of the wheel of fashion . . . or little more than lost villages on peaceful bays . . . resorts giving equal pleasure to parent and to child . . . the sunny coasts of France, washed by four seas, are the perfect background to whatever type of seaside holiday you desire.



Before and after the summer peak, terms for accommodation are very advantageous, especially in picturesque Brittany (Côte-du-Nord, Finistère, Morbihan).

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Ask for the new illustrated booklet "France."

All six FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS

IN **1 oz.** VACUUM TINS!



Ever filled your pipe with tobacco fresh from the blender's table? That's how Four Square reaches you in the famous vacuum tin. Buy your Four Square when or where you like, keep it as long as you like—when you open it, it will be in ideal smoking condition. From all good tobacconists—NOW!

TRUST FOUR SQUARE FOR FRESHNESS!

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George Webb

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FOR MEN

Design, colour, fit and value are here. Quality and craftsmanship are from Northampton. Men appreciate good shoes. George Webb's range offers a wide choice of styles. Ask to see them at your local store.



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GO anywhere...

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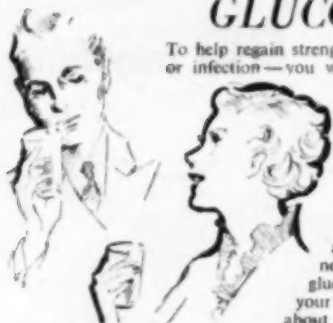
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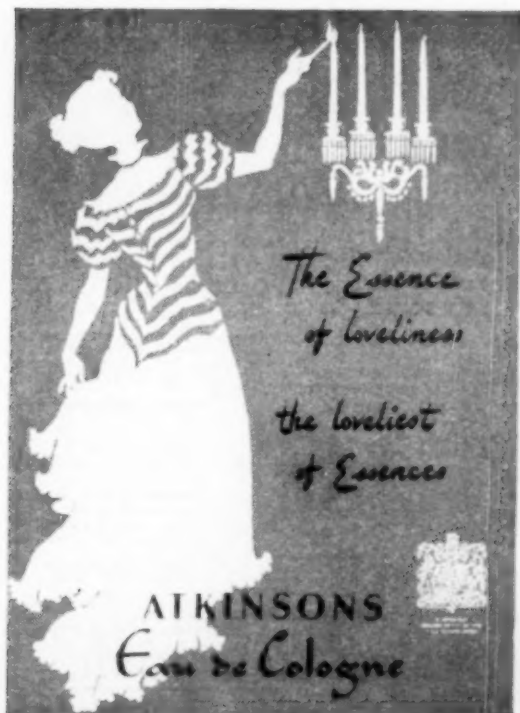
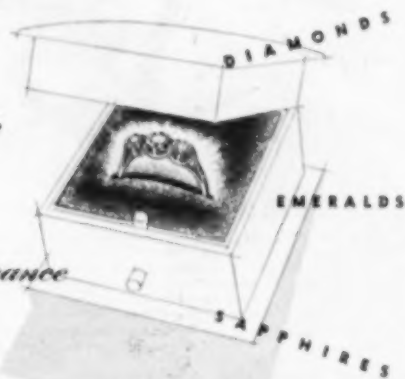
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Every painful foot trouble can be relieved by Scholl's Foot Comfort Service. Corns, calluses, bunions are relieved by Scholl's remedies and aids. Weak arches—that common cause of tired, aching feet—can be corrected by Scholl's light, flexible arch supports. Even when your trouble is of long-standing, foot comfort is assured. Examination and advice free. Come to the nearest Scholl depot.



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Super-Soft Zinc pads



How to CORN

These thin, soft pads effectively cushion corns, calluses, bunions against shoe pressure and friction. Their contoured edge ensures smooth fit over the tender spot. Sizes for corns, calluses, bunions, soft corns between toes. 1/9 pkt.



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ma/12

ARE PEOPLE SHOCKED AT YOUR SCURFY HAIR



Watch for these
signs of
DRY SCALP



WHEN you catch sight of yourself in the mirror, are you worried by your scurfy hair? Is it dry and lifeless? Do you see bits of dandruff clinging near the parting and on your coat collar?

If these things shock you, be sure they shock other people, too. After all, you're "in the mirror" to them all day long.

Your trouble is Dry Scalp. You can't hide it, but you CAN get rid of it.

20 Seconds

Massage your scalp briskly every morning with a few drops of "Vaseline" Brand Hair Tonic—move the whole scalp, don't just rub. Correct



Men who make their mark in the world know the importance of a healthy head of well-groomed hair. They guard against Dry Scalp with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

massage for 20 seconds will make the scalp tingle. This tingling is a sign that rich new blood is rushing to feed the hair roots... that the crystal-clear tonic oil is soaking deep into your choked oil glands... loosening the clogging dust and dandruff... allowing your scalp's natural oils to flow again.

Healthy, well-groomed hair

This stimulating tonic oil treatment soon ends Dry Scalp! No more scurf or dandruff! Your hair will be easy to comb... stay well-groomed all day... take on a rich, healthy gloss.

Get yourself a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at once.

NOTHING PURER

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is a crystal-clear natural oil, containing no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's Nature's perfect oil for scalp health.

Vaseline® HAIR TONIC

THE TONIC DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

600-11

® VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chamberlain Mfg. Co. Ltd.

Whenever Export figures are quoted there comes the accustomed reference to 'expert British Craftsmanship'. But... have you ever stopped to ask yourself...

"Who are Britain's Craftsmen?"

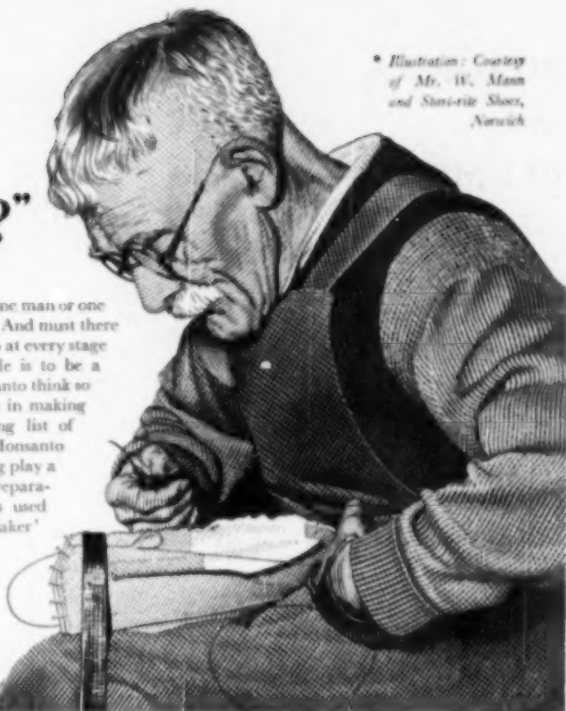
Introducing Billy Mann. Fifty-three years a 'hand sewn maker'. He produces a special type of light fashion shoe for ladies. One of the reasons why Footwear ranks high as a special item in the Export List.*

But... does craftsmanship mean only handcraftsmanship? The production of the fine grade leather used by the 'hand sewn maker' is also the work of craftsmen... although one may be

unable to spotlight one man or one part of the process. And must there not be craftsmanship at every stage if the finished article is to be a masterpiece? Monsanto think so and follow this rule in making chemicals for a long list of British industries. Monsanto chemicals for tanning play a vital part in the preparation of fine leathers used by the 'hand sewn maker'

Monsanto make over 200 chemicals for use in industry. Of widely varying application, they all conform to the highest standards of craftsmanship in chemical manufacture

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8 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1



* Illustration: Courtesy of Mr. W. Mann and Stan-rite Shoes, Norwich



NEW PROFITS DISCOVERED...

Are you still MAN-HANDLING your materials in bulk?

It is now, more than ever, necessary that manufacturers should give more attention to that indirect portion of their costs which is the cost of the non-producer—the labour which merely handles the materials and goods.

Handling materials at various stages of manufacture and distribution involves the addition of cost without any corresponding increase in the actual value of the materials handled. The 'Conveyancer' Fork Lift Truck, together with its ancillary equipment, is the weapon which will reduce this non-productive cost item.

Write to-day to the address below for further details of our Material Handling Advisory Service.

THE
CONVEYANCER
RANGE OF **FORK LIFT TRUCKS**



* ELECTRO-HYDRAULIC LIMITED, LIVERPOOL ROAD, WARRINGTON *

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Just as travel broadens the mind, so do THREE CASTLES Cigarettes widen your appreciation of perfect blending.



The
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

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Wavy
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OF THE WORLD

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TO
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EACH HAMMER
SUPPLIED WITH
METAL CARTRIDGE
CASE AND SET
OF EQUIPMENT

A range of new models that meets all requirements in the Electric Hammer field. The model "E" illustrated here is the Hammer for tough jobs, such as drilling holes up to 3" in diameter for the Builder and Heating Engineer.

In concrete and brick; heavy cutting away, etc. The model "F" for general purpose work. The light and powerful model "G" is especially designed for overhead work, crating, caulking and vibrating.

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The **S.M.** 1500

Dignity, style and perfect balance. High performance cloaked in quiet good manners. Real comfort for 5-6 in a one-and-a-half litre. This is the S.M. 1500.

* Automobile Engineer, October, 1949. "... on the road the car is outstanding in road holding, cornering and riding.

SINGER MOTORS LTD · BIRMINGHAM AND COVENTRY · ENGLAND

FIG



As it's a well-known fact that people never read advertisements on any account we might just as well please ourselves how we do them not have to be considering the reader all the time and have a bit of fun while we are at it we shall have to drag something in about Acles & Pollock somewhere but that's by the way there's a chap in Camberwell or to adapt an Acles & Pollock tubular bow aerials hitched to high trees or chimney pots for a living perhaps he's the forgetful sort bring his ladder or else he's nervous of heights shouldn't he be spared the trouble like lots of other people have by coming to Acles & Pollock with all sorts of odd ideas for using tubes saving money and getting up in the world you answer that one

5/-

Do not think that it is expensive to send a cable to friends and relatives in distant parts of the Commonwealth. You can send a social message, prefixed GLT, to any part for 5/-. To some parts it costs less. If you phone your cable, ring the nearest Cable and Wireless branch, or ask exchange for "Foreign Telegrams", say you want the GLT rate and dictate your message. You can hand in a cable at any Cable and Wireless branch or any Postal Telegraph Office.

Say it by **CABLE**

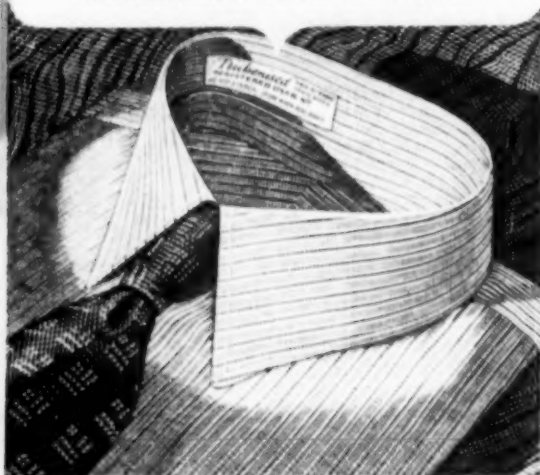


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Satisfaction Guaranteed

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As demonstrated
at the Ideal Home
Exhibition, Olympia.

ESCAPE TO THE PAST

A Castle of Frog Pies

ONCE, in France, there flourished a school of cuisine which believed that the appearance of food, and its setting, were just as important as the cooking and preparation. This decorative approach to dining was epitomised by a certain banquet held a century ago.

The table linen was snowy white. The service was of purest gold. At each place was set an eggshell filled with rare perfume. And in the centre, lit by tall sculptured candles, stood a castle of frog and bird pies.

The climax of the evening occurred when the frog pies were cut. For dozens of live frogs leapt forth upon the table. As the ladies shrieked and sought the protection of their partners, the bird pies were cut. Dozens of birds

flew out and, in their frantic search for light, extinguished all the candles.

In the ensuing darkness and confusion, who could know what pretty adventures might come to pass?

Today, little remains of that age of light-hearted luxury. We can still thrill to the eccentric clowning of Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme or the inspired carolling of a thrush at eventide. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world, Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

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CIGARETTES

775

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Invest with safety and let
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2½%

Income tax borne
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Interest accrues from
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Fuller particulars on request

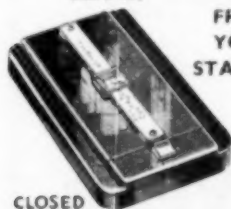
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Stratton FONO PAD TELEPHONE NUMBERS IN A JIFFY

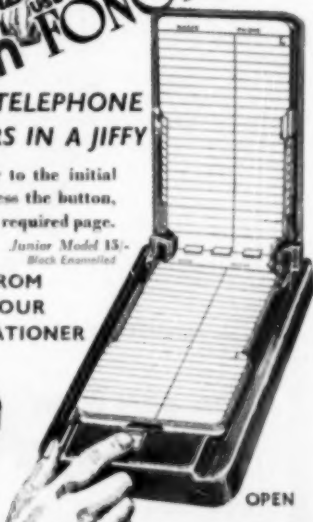
Simply set the indicator to the initial
of the person wanted, press the button,
and Fonopad opens at the required page.

Plastic Dr. Luxe Model 27 & Junior Model 15
Black or Ivory Black Enamelled



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MODEL 60

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Made throughout at Leicester, England, by the Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd.



Nation-Wide Distribution

The House of Whitbread has been famed for the quality of its beers for over 200 years.

These beers are brewed from the finest barley and hops, bottled wisely by Whitbread, and distributed from their 13 depots placed in key centres throughout the country.

This combination of nation-wide distribution and close supervision ensures that your Whitbread reaches you in perfect condition, wherever you may be. Try some today.

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PERFECT BOTTLING

by **WHITBREAD**



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"Stamina, strength and appearance — all outstanding"

—say Motorists and Tyre Suppliers alike.

The tread rubber is tougher, more shock-resisting than ever before.



Wider, flatter tread area grips more road for more traction, and wears more slowly.



The improved All-Weather Tread—with its new Stop-Notches for quicker, safer stops—resists every direction of skid throughout the tyre's longer life.



Handsome buttressed sidewalls provide protection from kerb damage, and make cornering steadier than you've ever known.



INSIST ON GOODYEAR TUBES

You can trust

GOODYEAR

FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR



CHARIVARIA

In face of America's lately-announced policy of Total Diplomacy it is feared that Russia may retaliate with an even more violent spell of Total Peace.



1

These are my jewels . . .

"She has two daughters (aged 21 and 16), 15 pigs, three cows, three calves, 100 hens and 50 chicks."

"Daily Mail"

2

A critic of Government policy wonders whether any of our politicians can possibly be said to have the makings of a successful industrialist. Some successful industrialists in the motor industry complain that Sir Stafford Cripps has certainly had most of theirs.

A machine known as the robot office-boy licks and seals envelopes with a mechanical tongue. So far, however, it has not been heard whistling "Music, Music, Music."

"WOMEN'S GUILD BURNS
SUFFER."
Headline in local paper
Too many cooks?



2

Shoe repairers complain that nearly 200,000 pairs of boots and shoes lie unclaimed on the shelves of the 10,000 repair shops in Greater London. Motoring organizations consider that the situation is likely to improve.

Not Quite Cricket

"Mr. Evans' attitude is that what he did was done deliberately and was intended to create a climate of opinion which has probably been achieved.

Now he does not wish to 'embarrass' the Government further."—"The Scotsman"

2

A nature writer explains how young birds learn to fly by launching themselves over the edge of the nest and gliding gradually to the ground. In which case fledgling larks presumably have to do it by correspondence.

2

The Champion Delinquent

"BOY CARRIED
OFF LINE"

"Daily Express"

2

We hear that several elderly television viewers on seeing the recent programme in which a Yoga expert demonstrated the benefits of standing on his head rang up Alexandra Palace and complained that the operator had put the slide in upside down.

3



1

THE HIKER

AT Derteford, wher stent an hostelrye,
 By nighte cam in-to ure companye
 A hiker that had walked by the weye
 Fro morwe til the ending of the daye.
 Dischevelee he was, his heed al bare,
 And rofled by the winde was his haire,
 That fil in colpouns down up-on his browe;
 Ful sikerly he nas nat undergrowe:
 His armes weren stronge as bras, pardee,
 And lyk a rok the knobbes of his kne,
 That under-neth his shortes weren sene;
 His botes were brune, his hosen grene.
 A gipoun had he, clasped at the hippe,
 And festned atte nekke with a zippe.
 For jolitee he wered on his bakke,

Al ful of sondry thinges a haversakke:
 He seyde his hole hus was in his maile,
 Which that he bar as he were any snayle.
 He nolde ride up-on his pilgrimage,
 But by his legges mad he his viage,
 Withouten hors or engyn, soth to seye,
 Or any wheel to helpe him on his weye.
 He rekked nat for raine, or hayle, or snowe:
 Ther nas no path that nas to him unknowe
 In Sussexe or in Surye or in Kente;
 By nightertale he woned in a tente:
 In simple lyf, I trow, was al his leste.
 Certes, of hikers was he alderbest,
 And eek in campyng nas him non bifore.
 From Guldeforde he cam: I noot namore.

G. H. VALLINS

FOR BOOK-LOVERS ONLY

THE writing of this review is a happy task," says the Master of Balliol, discussing the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopedia*.

Happy indeed; yet does there not rise something of bitterness in the very moment of ecstatic joy. For *Encyclopædiæ* are like Phoenixes; the young nestling, howe'er so brilliant, can be born only out of the ashes of the parent bird.

I spoke hastily. *Encyclopædiæ* are not like Phoenixes, for the parent bird remains in all his scarlet length and stoutness, and what in the name of Aristotle is one to do with him! I have not known any bibliophile who collected old encyclopædiæ and showed them proudly to his friends, comparing them and collating them with a half-formed idea of writing a treatise on the change in every article as edition succeeded edition for better or for worse. Where now (in another encyclopædia—not Chambers') is that article on Keats by Swinburne that so startled the reader, turning idly back from Kedgerie through Keckemet and Keble, until the tremendous assault on the slayers of genius struck him amidsthips like a wind-piled wave? Where are the encyclopædiæ *d'anfan*? One does not know.

Is there any place (or potting shed) where old encyclopædiæ go to die? The Editress of Chambers' (doubtless soft-hearted) offers no answer to this despairing query. Yet somewhere, I suppose, the outworn Titans must foregather, lamenting their doom and complaining of the sovereignty of the new gods.

"They may be better on STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING, but did you see what a mess they made of SUPERMANN!"

Such words, I think, often pass the lips of these veterans as they stand huddled together and the dust accumulates on their tattered leaves, for who consults them now, poor chrysalides, when the newer, brighter butterflies with painted wings have flown forth into

their short-lived summer? Or do they go, as old haberdashery is said to go, into the distant provinces?

You must be a true encyclopædiophile to feel this sense of sorrow, not a mere dabbler, who uses the work for an occasional reference; you must have seen the last red coal blacken in your grate, as with mounting excitement, unable to lay the book down, you finished the final page of HUME, and only from weariness and creeping cold were constrained to leave HUME until the morrow.

Can you give an old encyclopædia away? Would it be fair to the recipient who may be misled ever so little on *Leucorhampha triptolemus* or the component parts of a concrete mixer?

Yet go they must, these tried and faithful volumes that have formed my favourite reading for so long. Their age has become their shame. If any reader of these rude lines—but no.

I have laboured my point a little because the Master of Balliol has not dwelt upon it. The new resplendent Chambers' (and no wonder) has captured his imagination, leaving as it were no ante-room for grief, just as the public fancy rejoices in the young polar bear while it pays little heed to ninety-six dying whales on a desolate Orkney shore.

And I, too, am bewildered by all this glamour, all this youth.

Which of the fifteen gay volumes that now take the light is the most fascinating, the most packed with thrills? We find it hard to say. To whom of the two thousand five hundred contributors shall we give the highest credits. And is it possible that the work will be filmed? Or televised? The future must decide.

But already I feel a creeping blight on the pages, on the pictures of the old edition, and a shadow passes over them as BEAU weeps to CATA, and MANC sighs sadly to FENN.

EVOE



SIDE-SHOW !

(MALAYA: area 51,000 square miles, population 6,000,000; indispensable as a link in the chain of Commonwealth and Empire, and one of the greatest dollar-earners in the sterling area.)



SELF-HELP

THOSE who retired some years ago from office life into the home gave up more than a kindly cart-horse of a typewriter and the lip-stick they left in a drawer. They renounced also their own corner table at their own lunch-place, that ginghamed and Cape-gooseberried retreat which they made for daily at one o'clock and left an hour later, down by one-and-threepence and up by the two-course lunch and twenty pages of *Kothen*.

I said I was talking about some years ago. Things are different now. There are still many such restaurants, but outside their little orange doors the eating world has changed its habits. People think nothing of

blowing three-and-eightpence on some pressed beef and salad and a Bakewell tart. In the old days that would have been, financially, an orgy. Then meals are such a terrible rush. Shove the food down and get out before you're thrown out, that's the public's motto nowadays. I suppose it is the effect, or the cause, of these cafeterias.

What does the old, quiet generation of lunchers think of the serve-yourself places? Those placid folk—at their happiest when they are bisecting scones by a gas-fire bordered with horse-brasses—how do they get along nowadays when, as sometimes happens even to them, they find themselves queuing up by

the steel runway, holding a tray that pops when you bend it?

Well, in the first place they aren't holding a tray. They were so busy squeezing between the rails in front of the people behind them that they forgot. One type of luncher may think that going back for a tray is worth losing seven places in the queue—I don't think there is even an unwritten rule that cafeteria queuers, however gaily apologized to, make room for the returned quitter—but the normal timid sort will prefer to manage on her own. She will aim at the impression that she began with the idea of a cup in one hand and a plate in the other, but got beguiled by the pure wild fun of the thing into the mass of crockery that she finds herself bundling towards the pay-desk.

However, by the next cafeteria meal, if it occurs soon enough, the shyest luncher will be reaching for the tray-attack as if she owned, or at least washed up for, the place, and she will be so imbued with the prevailing spirit as not even to try to find the right page in her book until she sits down. Cafeteria queuers do sometimes look at folded newspapers, but only as a truck might to while away the shunting. Besides, it never takes long to get to the first signs of food.

Some cafeterias keep their featured dishes in a kind of drawer-less chest of drawers, which means that you need time, more time than you think you are getting from the people behind, to jump up and down getting a view of the top row. Other cafeterias use the wall merely for announcing their food—they may do it with movable letters, as on the boards in news-theatre entrances, which make even baked beans almost dramatic—and spread their actual offerings round the urns. All this is very strange to the old generation of lunchers, who like to sit and read about their lunch on a typed card, centre-spaced with . O . between the courses. (On a cold day they have a special way of shivering brightly down at it while they think about the soup.) But lunchers always had a swift eye for calories, and they can make for a plate of steak pie as decisively as anyone.

Sometimes, though, they rather hold the party up by asking nicely if they can have tea instead of coffee—a silly question when addressed to the tea-urn—and if they can have it with *no sugar*. A no-sugar luncher is never sure, as she raises this anxious cry, whether she is asking for the difficult or the inevitable.

The next stage of a cafeteria is often round a sharp corner, which means careful steering and remembering that this is where you may miss the knife and fork boxes. Sliding past a galaxy of lettuce, flans and rolls a luncher thinks quickly. She wants something, but she has no idea what. It was easier when she had only cabinet pudding to choose from.

She will probably take two rolls and four pats of butter—a reaction from the régime of smaller restaurants, who by now know how many patrons eat the first half-a-roll dry so as to enjoy the rest—and now she will be at the pay-desk, helpfully pointing out the details of her haul and realizing what the tough man behind her thinks of people who want change for a pound.

This is where you wish you had gone back for the tray. A luncher without one will spend a worried minute finding the loneliest table nearest the wall—that is, a big full one in the middle aisle—and in conveying her lunch there in bits before the tough man steals it. With a tray she can just steer her way across and unload round her fellow-eaters; and by the time they have adjusted their puddings, and she has propped the tray against the table-legs because that seems to be the drill, she will not only own the place but will have done the cooking for the whole table. It remains only for her to pull her meal into shape and put her book in the pool of tea at the side.

Retired lunchers who do not get about now will want to know if, in these surroundings, you can reap the rich lingering enjoyment of food and words that Hazlitt found in his rustic inn. The answer is no, not really. You're out by a quarter to one.

ANDE

CHERRY

CLOUD of crystal showering
the cherry, flowering,
swings in silver, glancing
through the spring-swept skies:
samite awayed in feathered fall,
moving to a madrigal
the minstrel-wind sets dancing
where its harp-touch plies.

Flounced in minim crinoline,
veering to the violin
by bows of air sent singing,
voiced
with strings unseen,

flaunting in a farandole,
corybants in caracole
the cluster-flowers wheel winging,
poised
in petal-green.

Slow pavane and pirouette,
coranto, minuet,
rigadoon and roundelay,
the sultan sun
has wakened from the eyeless earth
to make for him a moment's mirth
before his face is turned away
and dancing's done.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



"Fancy building a great thing like that—cement the price is is!"

ROUGH GUIDE TO THE TURF

Our Own Correspondent's Late Wire

PUNCH May 2 1950



Photo-finish, 1950

NEWMARKET, Wednesday (last) I HAVE no hesitation in giving you *Palatine* for the Two Thousand Guineas, which is more than Captain Tuft, Major Dandelion and many other old Army journalists with faintly swarthy names have had no hesitation in doing—though they were at some disadvantage in having to make their selections before the race was run. Their approach is always one of non-committal volubility: while strongly impressed by *Dishcloth*, a promising youngster well supported for the Epsom classic (the Derby to you), they warn readers that in the Hedge Stakes he "disappointed behind." *Highland Funnell*—but hurriedly recall that the latter (thenceforward referred to alternately as the Northern candidate or *Bag o' Dust's* half-sister) benefited from yielding going and yet did not easily gain mastery, whereas *Dishcloth* was never off the bit and has since shown as much, if

not more, promise than could reasonably be expected. These specialist pronouncements tend to leave the intending backer very much where he was before, and matters are not cleared up by a nervous afterthought beginning "Any such forecast must of course be based to some extent on guess-work—"

In the past I have been enthralled by racing journalism; there is a nobility in the sustained application with which Tuft and Dandelion prepare thousands of words daily, undaunted by the knowledge that at a given moment by the racecourse clock they will become as meaningless as a baby's bubble. I admire also the devotion of a reading public which forgives and forgets every day, does not know (and could not spell) the word "recrimination," and takes pains to unravel numerical codes, solve acrostics and rearrange *THIRAFEYSOJ* into *Father's Joy* for the innocent pleasure of putting its shirt on it and losing it. (In an early edition of to-day's evening paper a collated table of specialist tips appeared; of the twenty-five prophets only three prophesied *Palatine*, but the feeling about the other twenty-two, so far as I could make out, was that they were only human and had done their best.)

When I arrived at the course early to-day not more than seven hundred motor-cars, a mere fifty motor-coaches and a paltry half dozen aircraft had as yet turned up. In the mammoth traffic-jam after

the day's sport I counted two hundred and eight coaches; of the uncountable motor-cars I estimated the average year of birth at 1949½, the mileage per gallon about ten; it was heartening to reflect how their owners had laid them up for weeks so that basic petrol for the whole period could be lavished on this single glorious tribute to British Sport, and I felt quite ashamed to have travelled by omnibus with two young men whistling "Music, Music, Music" down the back of my neck.

My day began with a disappointment, which even a small and isolated success on *Palatine* later in the day (my system: back a grey horse) failed to eliminate. I had hoped to meet Tuft, Dandelion *et alia* in the flesh to-day, and taking counsel of one of the knots of policemen on leave from the crime wave I found my way to the Free Pass Office, not because I wanted something for nothing, a desire in which I should have been by no means alone, but because I saw a notice there saying "Press." (Most of the notices at Newmarket are of a discouraging kind—No Dogs, No Cameras, No Change Given, No Re-admission and so on). The man at the barrier was uncompromising. When I whispered the word *Punch* it was clear that he didn't even know what race it was running in; it seemed that only one gentleman could get me through the barrier, and he was already through it: it would cost me thirty shillings to follow him and get a free pass; it



didn't seem worth it, and since the uncompromising man had nothing further to suggest, and indeed withdrew his attention from me entirely except to point out that I was holding up a long line of small men in breeches, many of whom looked more like horses than some horses do, I meekly stood aside; the small men whom I had been damming, and who had doubtless been damning me, flooded past into the mysterious desirable regions beyond, leaving me to stare at a notice saying "Cloak Room: Bookies' Joints 2s."

The question of *how* innumerable thousands of sportsmen and sportswomen attain this corner of Suffolk on a week-day afternoon from such spots as Walthamstow, Sheffield, Birmingham and Westcliff-on-Sea—the coach inscriptions tell the tale—is, in my view, little more baffling than *why*. This genuinely puzzles me. In the "Silver Ring" (admission ten shillings, no change given, no tickets issued, no re-admission, children must be paid for) it is possible, certainly, to see a brief, flashing fragment of each race: there is a concreted quadrangle running down to the rails, in which the bookmakers entice hoarsely and the tic-tac men follow their esoteric trade in white gloves with holes in the thumbs, and from which the ruthless elboweer may gain a position of vantage; or, better still, at the back of the quadrangle is a tall flight of deep, concrete steps: from here, having fought for standing-room with tooth and claw, though not, for the most part, an "excuse me," unshaven

sportsmen in mufflers and hay-headed youths in epauletted rain-coats and saffron ties may see as much as a quarter of the one-mile course (though not, except with binoculars, the scoreboard).

Suppose six races to a meeting, and two minutes for each—the figures are rough: see Tuft and Dandelion for split-second statistics—then our sportsmen are going to see thirty seconds' racing in each race (provided other sportsmen don't shove their hats over their eyes), or a total of three minutes in the day's outing. They may, of course, derive subsidiary enjoyment from the long, morose queues at the tote windows, the unavailing battle to get a drink in the bar under the stand ("I only got one pair of 'ands," bleats an elderly barmaid, adding obscurely "I ain't the Air Force!"), the patter of the tipsters ("I ain't a jockey, I don't live 'ere, I got a little 'ouse in Putney, missis and three nippers, and I'm going to ask you a fair question as a racing man . . .") or the three-card trick slickly executed on a folding, green-baize stool by an eel-like wizard who takes ten pounds in thirty seconds and has vanished before his customers have got so much as their breath back, or a refreshing glimpse of the clean, green heath, stretching aloofly away from the jam of jostling, muttering humanity and the sea of trampled newspaper and cigarette packets—but these attractions, it appears to me, are not enough for those who can afford only ten shillings as an initial outlay.



It seems to me that one must do this thing in comfort, either on the spot but as a gentleman, with a comfortable seat, good binoculars, a big car and a horse's-mouth winner, or at home with your feet on the mantelpiece and the evening paper in your hand; for Captain Tuft and Major Dandelion may be a trifle fallible as seers, but they give the results with honourable accuracy (if in rather small type sometimes), and in petrol, time, temper and plain nervous exhaustion the fireside sportsman will achieve a considerable saving.

It is to be hoped that these recommendations will have no injurious effect on the future of British Sport (horse-racing section), or upon the sensibilities of the British Sportsman at large. I think not. From my study of him at close range it seems unlikely that the opinions published in these pages will gain his attention . . . though of course any such forecast must be based to some extent on guess-work.

J. B. BOOTHBYD



Wood-engraving finish, 1830

AT THE PICTURES

State Secret—Jour de Fête

A MOST attractive and enjoyable thriller in the Hitchcock tradition (I am thinking of the classic Hitchcock days of *The Lady Vanishes* and *The Thirty-*

nine Steps) turns up in *State Secret* (Director: SIDNEY GILLIAT). The essence of the story, as nearly always in such things, is a matter of pursuit, and a pursuit handled even no more than adequately can usually be relied on to thrill; in this instance the handling is much better than adequate, and the script is outstandingly good. It is a real delight to hear the sort of witty dialogue line that is so often (I charitably presume) deliberately cut

out of a film because of the fear that perhaps not quite everybody in the first row of one-and-ninapennies would understand it. And it is a pleasure to be given skilfully fantastically but somehow believable glimpses of Vosnia, an imaginary country behind the Iron Curtain; a country with an authentic-sounding language, strictly unintelligible but quite easy to fit to its English translation or the actions that go with it. To this country is inveigled an American doctor from London, to perform his unique, original operation on (as he discovers too late) the local dictator; the dictator dies before he can leave, and since this must be kept secret everything possible is done to prevent him from leaving. Here is the occasion for the pursuit, which is conducted with unusual efficiency by the secret police and presented with great imagination, visual charm and humour by the director (who himself wrote the script). GLYNIS JOHNS makes a pleasing appearance as the girl who so often tags on to the fugitive in this sort of story,

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS does all that can be expected of an indignantly retreating doctor, and in a long list of small-part players HERBERT LOM stands out as a "contact man" who can wangle anybody out of any



Doctor's Dilemma

Dr. John Martlow—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
Colonel Galcon—JACK HAWKINS

situation but resentfully points out that it costs a lot of money. Towards the end there is a certain slowness, as the physical means of escape (over the mountains) become more arduous; otherwise this is an admirably fast-moving diversion.

On a very slight and simple basis of story, *Jour de Fête* (Director: JACQUES TATI) builds an effective structure of comic gags.



Regard then the Dream of the Postman

JACQUES TATI

To be sure, their effectiveness depends nearly all on one man, the principal character, played by the director himself; but he is so endearing a comedian, and his technique—learned, it appears, in vaudeville—is so expert, that he is enough to carry the whole thing. It is not a great French film in the usual sense of a work of film art—indeed, it is,

almost literally, a glorified two-reel comedy in the old style. It doesn't set out to do more than provide a frame, in the form of an account of the visit of a travelling fair to a French village, for the antics of the village postman and his bicycle. He was a great man with his bicycle even before the fair; fired by the example of American postmen in a film he sees there, he drives it to unprecedented lengths. The fun is simple and uni-

versal, depending not at all on words. Even without superimposed titles the film would make any audience roar. It isn't "important," and it certainly isn't subtle, but it is enjoyable.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Two other London shows enjoyable in their different ways are *All the King's Men* (26/4/50), the film that pretends not to be about Huey Long, and *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (26/4/50), a very pleasant Cavalry v. Indians Western in colour.

The best of the releases is *The Search* (16/11/49), a thoroughly worth-while picture about the homeless and wandering children of Europe which also contrives to be thoroughly pleasurable: don't miss it. Earlier ones not to be overlooked include a first-rate war film *Twelve O'clock High* (22/2/50), and two different treatments of the Southern Negro question, *Intruder in the Dust* (8/2/50) and *Pinky* (7/12/49).

RICHARD MALLETT

KABBDI AND THE WRIST HOLDING GAME

A correspondent sends us the rules of two games submitted for the approval of Military HQ by an Indian Army unit.

1. KABBDI

(a) No player is allowed to go out of an circled circle (Generally 10 ft. in radius)

(b) As far as a particular player or (Kabbi Jane Wala) is concerned, breathing once taken cannot be regained, until and unless he (the player) comes back again to his side. Meanwhile, if he does so, than any individual of the oppressor party can touch him and enables or liable himself to secure one mark for his side.

(c) Moreover, when the player (kabbi jane wala) is under the tedious grip of the oppressor party than unless he is not stout (strongly) enough to touch the common boundary line, no marks can be afforded to him. Midway to this, if he, by chance or whatsoever may be, loses the gained said breathing, before reaching or touching the common line, then he is also not liable to secure the mark.

(d) Referees are required to check the breathing motion of the player very smartly and immense attention.

(e) No player are lawfully or officially (humanly) authorised to push hardly (ups and down) the other side player as to cause him a serious shock of wounds.

(f) In the limited time of about one hour the party capable of securing twenty (20) or twenty-five marks in advance to the other is called the winning party, and the other as the defeated one.

(g) Every six players (varying upto eight) are allowed to be on each side (two sides). A player previously went (saying the words Kabbi . . . kabbi) is accordingly not allowed to be appeared again in the opposite party, ground.

(h) To cap it all, the incoming players will try his utmost to touch as many as he can of the other party (if he is able to do it) and thus by safe guarding himself shall try to return back to his original place (position), and hence is liable to secure all these marks.

(i) If by any striking moment, the players or player goes out of the circled circle then the referee shall blow out the whistle (saying foul)

(j) All players are strictly required to be alert and conscious of their purposes.

(k) No other player (from outside) is allowed to be replaced for another (in the playing party) unless he gets himself serious wounds.

(l) No agitation, ill hearing, revenge and bad terms are required among the players and no player is allowed to run the risk of his life for the above said ones. Otherwise the referee can check him out of the team at any instant.

2. WRIST HOLDING GAME

1. Similarly there are two parties each consisting of about four players. The players at a time sit down on the ground surrounded by various circles (smaller in diameter for each players) Accordingly one leg of a particular (player) should be put under the thy of

the other and another leg must be above his thy. Thus the playing position sets up. The referee closely examine their position in accordance with the circle. When it is done, the first player spreads out his arm and the other player catches with a severe grip his wrist with both hands. Gripping must be strictly and carefully done otherwise it would sweep away the veins and blood. The wrist (gripped) must be verticle and should never twist on any side even to a slightest angle. If by chance, the holding arms (of both players) twists at the same moment referee should blow out his whistle (the word foul). The force or power should be exerted at a time and never now and then It must be carefully carried out, otherwise the second time force would certainly release the wrist from the oppressor player. It is done in this way the player must keep his one hand on the wrist of the other and just try to twist the

wrist of the other at a stretch, if not the game will fall to foul (if the power is applied again and not at a stretch) The referee will closely check the motion of the power applied.

The players who gets their wrist released from the gripping of the other player is the winner. If all the players or maximum commensuratively to other party gets their twist firstly released than the said party is the winner one and the other party as the defeated one.

Again now this reaction is exchanged from one another and the previous twist holder spreads out his twist and as the first player puts the same grip around his twist. Now if the same number of players have their twist to be released, the game is kept at drawn and frequently it is played again. Some how or other some players if are not capable of releasing their twist and the successful players of this party are less in account as compared to another, than the other party wins the laurels. In this manner, the game comes to an end.



THE SUB-IDEAL HOME

I THINK I know as much about homes as most people, having lived in them, off and on, practically all my life. I'm inhabiting one right now, flanked by a wife who keeps on reading out bits of a magazine article on ideal homes. Almost every periodical of domestic impact which comes into this house contains pieces on the ideal home, and they're beginning to get under the skin of my peace of mind.

When I was an undergraduate I vexed my examiners by stating, in my final honours papers, that my approach to any questions bearing on moral philosophy would be modified by the fact that I did not believe in moral philosophy. I had reached that conclusion after reading a monograph in *Mind* of 1912 headed "Does Moral Philosophy Rest on a Mistake?" The writer convinced me that it did, and nothing has happened to me since to alter that conviction.

So far as I am concerned the ideal home is on a par with moral philosophy. It just doesn't exist, and I'm tired of having illusions thrust down my throat. A home is a place where people live, and it could be ideal only if the people who lived in it were ideal. If there were any ideal people they would probably be in Greenland, where the cold must make it much easier to live up to one's ideals. And that would make the ideal home an igloo. None of the homes which I have ever seen illustrated as ideal has had any resemblance to an igloo.

Outside Greenland, if any home

could be ideal it would be Maureen O'Sullivan's home in California. Miss O'Sullivan is a movie actress who has been married for fourteen years to the same husband and has six children. I think that any movie actress who can stay married to the same husband for fourteen years, who has six children, and who looks happy, comes as near the ideal as possible. I say this with the full concurrence of my wife, who knows how I feel about Maureen O'Sullivan.

Although I believe in Maureen O'Sullivan much more implicitly than I believe in moral philosophy I don't believe that even she has an ideal home. I intend to write her and find out, because I hold the view that a lady who can continue to look so bewitching with six children in her household must know much more about putatively ideal homes than the people who write articles about them.

I have three unruly children, and my belief is that three children can knock the stuffing out of an ideal home in ten minutes. How anyone can be anything but a stern realist with six children under her roof I don't know. My children have convinced me that if one can hold a home together at all one is doing very well. They take the view that a home is a place to jump in. They keep jumping from morning till night, and they're only happy when they're jumping. I've never yet seen a home designed primarily as a structure in which children can jump without wearing down the nerves of the owner. It's quite true that my children would regard a home fitted out from floor to ceiling with perches from which to jump as ideal, but nobody else would agree with them.

If architects and designers are intent on keeping us all discontented by producing new ideal homes every year they ought, in common decency, to design perfectly designed inhabitants to put in them. I, for one, should pay some attention to their products if I had a chance of watching the reactions of an ideal family to an ideal home. A home, after all, is

more than a house. An Englishman's ideal home ought to be his ideal castle. Nothing will persuade me that any castle can be ideal.

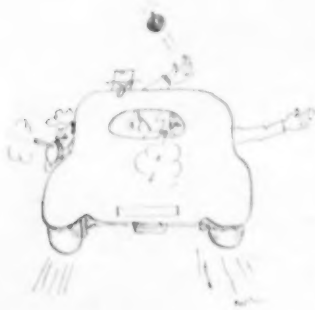
I'm prepared to contemplate the possibility of a sub-ideal home. I'm not entirely sure that even that can be put on the market, but I'm open-minded on the subject. I shouldn't be surprised if Maureen O'Sullivan had a sub-ideal home. I shall be able to judge better when she answers my letter. I'd like to know what her husband does when his children start jumping and he wants to work. If he cares to add a postscript to his wife's reply I shan't mind a bit. I don't know the ethics of fan mail, but when one is discussing the problems of the home one needn't stick too closely to protocol. So far as I know, my wife intends to add a postscript to my letter. She wants to ask Maureen O'Sullivan what is the best way to handle a husband when the children want to jump.

BACK ROOM JOYS

Being Officious

BEING officious
Is delicious;
Confidently disparaging—
"This is a non-smoking carriage".
ing.
"That is the two-and-ninepenny queue"—
They don't know.
You do.
"I think, if we all moved up, the lady could sit down"—
The velvet smile over the mailed frown,
The bold eye, the swelling of the chest,
And then relaxing—responsibility taking a rest.
"Mummy, what did the big gentleman say?"
"Hush, dear . . . we're not to stand in the way"—
Homage to the vitality
Of a dominant personality!
(Your preliminary gulplings remained undetected
With the fact that your voice sounded twice as loud as you expected.)

JUSTIN RICHARDSON







"Anything you're wanting, sir? Razor blades for cutting things up with; shaving soap for rubbing on stairs; toothbrush for splatter work; toothpaste for smearing on cakes . . . ?"

HOUSEWARMING

A Dramatic Fragment

MRS. KLIDD. Hullo, Voira. Be careful of the mat; the "Welcome" is not quite dry yet. Do admire Arthur's gong. He made it himself while I was busy with the move.

MRS. HASS. If I could shut the door my admiration would be uncomplicated by the driving sleet.

MRS. KLIDD. Now, the hall is warmed from the boiler in the bathroom. We have let the fires out in order to make explanations easier. Arthur thought the men would probably want to feel their way inch by inch along the various pipes and wires.

MRS. HASS. I begin to regret the sleet. It did at least whip one's skin into some kind of reaction.

MRS. KLIDD. The built-in cocktail bar has jammed; but the electric water-softener gives drinking water a little something.

MRS. KLIDD. When you go up to take your things off be careful at the top of the stairs. There is a kind of cow-catcher to deal with children who escape from the nursery. Aha, here are Sybil and Andrew.

SYBIL. Why is there no number on the gate?

MRS. KLIDD. We are having Roman numerals, and there is no room for four-hundred-and-eighty-eight on the gatepost. We have to wait for a special plate. Don't you like the yak's head?

ANDREW. No.

SYBIL. If you are not going to behave, for once I shall

be glad I brought you. Your impeccable manners have spoilt many a party for me.

MR. KLIDD. I expect, old man, you'll want to examine the lighting. We have to switch on in the hall before we can switch off in the bathroom. It's what's known as a "Uni-multiplex circuit."

ANDREW. Why is that yak so low down? It got a horn in my knees just now.

MRS. KLIDD. You can only put nails in the wall where it is specially strengthened, and where it is specially strengthened happens to be there.

SYBIL. Why is Voira Hass behaving so oddly on the landing?

MRS. KLIDD. She probably does not know the combination of the cow-catcher. It's "Anti-establishmentarianism," dear. Now, attention, everybody. We are going to look at the dining-room carpet. You'll have to stand in the doorway and peer in or part of the pattern will be covered.

ANDREW. It hasn't got a pattern. It's just a dull beige all over.

MR. KLIDD. If you get the light slantwise and bend down you will see a rectangle woven into it. It's a Kidderminster Palimpsest, and it does not show beige dirt.

MR. PEVERIS. Anybody at home sweet home? I've brought you a little present for the housewarming. It's an eight-day pedometer that chimes the furlongs.

MRS. HASS. Free at last, at least moderately free. I tried to get out of the front door but it did not yield to any of the usual forms of manipulation.

MRS. KLIDD. It can be opened only from the outside at the moment. We find the side door quite satisfactory ourselves. Now we'll visit the children. Hawthorn and Lydia-Lou are so looking forward to your visit. Chicker-chees, here are some people to see you.

HAWTHORN. The upstairs cost much less than the downstairs; up here everything's done on the cheap.

LYDIA-LOU. Put your presents on the table and turn the light off when you go.

HAWTHORN. My bed is put in this awkward place to hide the dry-rot.

LYDIA-LOU. I hoped at first that the rats might not like the taste of dry-rot; but I was wrong.

ANDREW. Can these kindred spirits really be our hosts' children?

HAWTHORN. We have our suspicions, but they are not certain enough to become hopes.

MRS. KLIDD. We must not keep those droway eyes open one moment more. Come and see our bedroom.

SYBIL. One bed and one chair are soon seen. Do you keep your clothes under the mattress?

MRS. HASS. The side door is inaccessible without leaping over coke. I suppose there is no hope of a fire-escape.

MR. PEVERIS. I've been poking round the bathroom.

The geyser might explode any minute. By the time I had run a test bath the fumes were appalling. I've shortened the razor-strop for you; it was much too long. You had better send the razor I did it with to the grinder.

ANDREW. I think the left might be interesting. Where are the steps?

MRS. HASS. I am using them to get out of the window on to the roof of the garage.

MRS. KLIDD. I do not expect anyone wants sandwiches, so we can get the car out and turn the head-lights on the garden. Ahoy for the rockery, the fairy grot and the bean-row.

MRS. HASS. Who's coming back with me for a warm and a drink?

GUESTS. All of us.

MR. KLIDD. That will be nice. We'll come too. It's thirsty work showing people round, and sitting at ease we shall be able to enlarge on many points of interest.

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE

MORNING, CENTRAL ASIA

HARSH on the icy morning comes the cranes' cry,
Mist covers the rice-fields, wreathes the slim bamboo,
Bitter the grey half-light, rimy the shrivelled grass;
Harsh on the morning comes the cranes' cry.

Down in the darkened bog-land hear the ice-rim crackle
Where from the frost-skinned water rises stiff sedge,
Dimly the bare hummocks loom through freezing veils—
Far, from some aching pool, the cranes cry.

Fur of frost on the tent-ropes crumbles at hand's touch,
Thinly climbs the smoke from last night's ash-banked fire,
Creaks the ground to the tread, biting the breathed air;
Harsh in the silence comes the cranes' cry.

Sun strikes on the mist. Glowing, it swells and boils,
Torn apart by the light, it seethes, fumes and is gone;
Steaming, the frost-white plain shines to the world's
end—
Far, from the clear blue dome, the cranes cry.





AT THE Platform

PORTER, reading your paper,
I will impel you—
Bend my will upon you—
Beat on my carriage window—
Look round, I tell you! See her!

Shy schoolgirl fighting her tears—
What tragedy of childish loss
Darkens this upturned face
With lowering press of fears!

Beyond the power of conscious art
The wringing of these piteous hands—
The dilate pupils—and the strands
Stroked from the pale, damp brow.

Ah! you have seen her now.
So big with suffering—
So small and young a thing.
To meet experience. Your heart
Should leap to her service.

Porter! Speak to her, please!



THE HALT

Scene

I think she left her satchel in the train.
Hurry—unlock the stubborn door again.

Can I not make you budge!
Speak, man. Bear her no grudge,
One act of simple courtesy
And you restore her threatened entity.
Praise be—you speak!
I see the tension break
In the tortured face—
The slack release—
The swift inflow of peace.

She is pure child again
Clasping her treasure,
Happy and whole.
And you—thrice happy man—
Enjoy a triple pleasure,
Her peace, my comfort, and your
errant soul
To safety snatched from a departing
train.



Ernest H. Shepard

An Industrial Journey



"AYE, an' we could sell a lot more if we could lay our hands on the bottles again. 'Fore the war it was easy like: any pub'd give you a sack of 'em for the asking. Real beauties too: real dimple bottles, mind!"

"What kind d'you use now?" I asked.

"Why, any old bottles—cocktails, coffee essence, even little chaps like aspirin bottles. It's very sad."

He opened a drawer and handed me a specimen of his craftsmanship. It was a full-rigged ship in a slick, waisted cocktail bottle. His blue eyes narrowed in self-criticism and he sighed deeply. The sound was like the moaning of the wind in the mizzen staysail of a "Hornblower" novel. Mr. Peters' next offering was a model of the *Cutty Sark* in a medicine flask.

"Doesn't seem right somehow, does it?" he said.

No, sir, it certainly does not. Awkward questions might be asked in Parliament about this depressed ship-in-bottle industry. Somebody has slipped up badly—somebody at the Board of Trade. For years now we have been exporting whisky bottles to all parts of the world, and very few of them have been returned, in spite of the refund. The home market has been starved, and the reserves patiently accumulated in palmy pre-war days are now exhausted. It is no exaggeration to say that the ship-in-bottle industry is threatened with extinction: unless there is an immediate improvement in the supply of raw materials widespread unemployment will hit our

coasts. We need more bottlenecks in this industry.

I do not know quite how many people find employment in the ship-in-bottle industry, but the figure cannot be negligible. On a recent trip to Cornwall I was able, in one week, to trace no fewer than three small one-man businesses. And when I say trace I mean trace.

My inquiry began at Falmouth and proved entirely fruitless until I reached Hayle and spotted a peculiar bottle in the window of an antique shop. I examined it carefully, discovered that it contained a miniature set of miner's tools, carved from wood, and learned, to my intense interest, that it bore a mark "J. M. St. Ives" scratched into the glass. Forty minutes later I was buying a round of drinks in the bar parlour of the "Sloop," a well-known oasis frequented by the artists and fishermen of St. Ives. He told me—"he" being the other half of my round—that very shortly a man would appear who knew a fisherman whose brother put ships in bottles. And his prediction was accurate. Soon I was on my way through torrential rain and a maze of narrow alleys, past brightly painted studios and upturned boats draped with fishing-nets, to "Tafna," 23 Back Row West, the home of Michael Peters.

Now it is a popular belief that men who put ships in bottles work secretly behind iron curtains, that they would not for any consideration reveal the mystery of their craft. But this is not so. Michael Peters was as frank as a

Brownie: he volunteered the information that follows and would, no doubt, volunteer it again for any reader who cared to make the pilgrimage to his comfortable cottage.

"I don't rightly know when I started, now you ask me," he said. "Must have picked it up at sea, I suppose. I was on the Buenos Aires run . . . eh? . . . grain out and coal back . . . and there wasn't always much to do."

"Is it a full-time job?" I asked.

"Not likely," he said. "I'm retired you might say: I fiddle with these yere bottles in winter and do the deck-chairs on the beach in summer. . . . No, I don't make 'em: I hire 'em out. Easy job really, and of course I keep my eyes open for any odd bits and pieces."

I looked suitably surprised.

"I mean, bits o' bamboo like for the masts and bits o' pine for the hulls. Keep your eyes





open and you can find most of what you want. 'Cept bottles!"

Bamboo, I learned, is highly prized in the ship-in-bottle industry. It can be broken in such a way that the skin or bark forms a hinge, and this hinge is one of the master tricks of the trade. But let us see the thing through from start to finish. First, Mr. Peters fills his bottle



with sea-water ("a bit of old putty mixed with old green paint") which he whips into waves with one of his four tools. This is a piece of wire about a foot long, known to the trade as "the making sea iron." The hull is fashioned with a penknife and the masts are fitted into tiny holes in the deck. Then the yards are fixed and tied into position with cleve or back hitches.

Unfortunately I cannot guarantee the accuracy of this eyewitness account any further, because at this point—a very tricky one—Mr. Peters' fingers flew much too fast for my pen. It seems that the entire superstructure of his ship is attached by an intricate system of pulleys to a single thread which passes through a hook (made from a hairpin) in the bows, just above the water-line. The masts are fractured—except for that invaluable tegumental hinge—and laid flat upon the deck with their yards

folded neatly and unobtrusively. Then the ship is launched upon the putty. A long steady pull on the twine and the masts spring up, the stays straighten out and everything becomes ship-shape.

Mr. Peters then takes his "iron-for-pullin'-up," seals the fractured masts with dabs of glue and burns off the tell-tale thread right down to the keel. A few touches of white paint on the crests of the waves and the job is done. The bottle is corked and sealed and hidden away in the drawer.

There is, I regret, another serious gap in these discoveries: I do not know how Mr. Peters hoists his sails. Most manufacturers use paper sails which are fixed in position with glue only when the masts have been



raised, but Mr. Peters, I feel almost certain, hoists them *with* the masts. His sails, by the way, are real fabric affairs, full-bellied and remarkably trim.

"During the war," he told me, "I was skipper of a balloon-ship up by Milford Haven, and doin' a nice bit of business with the Yanks from the Liberty boats. Pay anything for a good ship in a bottle: never saw fellows get so excited about 'em. Well, in those days I made my sails of paper, but one night—very quiet it was—I'm sitting smokin' and lookin' up at the old balloon when I get thinkin'. That balloon stuff, I says, would make a lovely bit o' canvas for my little ships. So I gets

a bit o' spare and tries it, and it comes up lovely. It's an ill wind."

Mr. Peters has three sons, one of whom can make a ship-in-bottle with the best of them when he has time. But the future for the one-man business is very gloomy. I heard rumours that the trade has recently been invaded by mass-production experts. The traditional tools of the craftsman—the "iron-for-pullin'-up," the bradawl, the penknife and the "making sea iron"—are being ousted by automatic machines and flow-production technique.

"What I'd like to know," said Mr. Peters, "is where the blighters gets their bottles—'cause they do, dimples an' all."

Then his eyes developed a far-away look, and a smile gradually deepened the creases in his brown cheeks. After a short silence his reverie burgeoned into speech.

"I didn't tell you, did I, 'bout Tom?" he said. "A rare one was Tom; never sober. But a real friend. I got more bottles from Tom than any man alive. Last lot was two years ago. He was over at Penzance one night, and as usual rather the worse for it, when he stumbled into an old rubbish dump. 'Eee,' he says, 'I reckon old

Michael could do with some o' this lot,' an' he finds an old sack and fills 'er up w'ith two dozen good whisky bottles that's been lying there donkeys' years. Then he sets off—walkin' mind—for St. Ives. Pitch black it was that night, but he managed somehow. He knocked us up about three in the mornin', and, would you believe it, he'd only broken seven of those two dozen bottles!"

"I should like to meet Tom," I said.

"So should I," said Michael Peters, "but he's gone back to sea."

BERNARD
HOLLOWOOD





"He wishes to conduct his own defence, m'lud."

YOU COULD HAVE TOUCHED THEM

FIRST time it ever took me for one of them big shows, that was," recalled the Irish Guardsman. He was pink and young, young enough still and simple enough to be impressed by the great occasions at which he assisted.

"Nothing to them really," a Grenadier commented deprecatingly, cradling a "pint of mixed" in the hollow of his enormous hand. "Just a parade, same as all the rest."

"Well, I don't know," the Irish Guardsman said. "You can't call it nothing, getting to see all them famous people close to. President of somewhere, that one was. Down by the station, our lot, and he come past us so close you could have touched him."

"You get used to them," the Grenadier insisted. "Presidents and all that click."

"You blokes never get real close to them, not in the Foot Guards," a trooper in the Life Guards told them. "With us, you're right up close to the carriages—see everything. On a horse you're higher up, too, you can see in."

"That's right," the Irish Guardsman agreed. "You can see it when you see it on the pictures. Look so close you could touch them if you put your hand out. King and Queen and all. Brown and mild, Jimmy."

"Coming up," said the barman. "You could at that," the trooper confirmed.

"Nothing to it if you ask me," said the Grenadier. "Famous

people, they're just like you and me, aren't they? To look at, I mean. If it was Ava Gardner, now."

"Ah," said a corporal in the Coldstream.

"You wait till it's took you as often as it's took me," the Grenadier advised. "Twelve years of it off and on, me. You don't worry about famous people after a bit, Mick, I'm telling you. Just a load of extra shining, that's all it adds up to when you look at it."

"Oh, I don't know," said the young Irish Guardsman.

"You're blazy," the trooper told the Grenadier, "that's what's the matter with you."

The Grenadier put down his empty mug. "Don't want none of that sort of talk from the Household Cavalry," he announced menacingly.

"All right, all right," the cavalryman said hastily. "What is it, mate?"

"Pint of mixed," the Grenadier told him, mollified.

"Pint of mixed, Jimmy," the Life Guard ordered.

The Irish Guardsman was still tenacious of his illusions. "But this morning," he said, "was the best I done yet. We was lining the route, see, our lot, and where I was they had to walk right past to get into the cars. They come past me so close, honest, I could—"

"Then for Gawd's sake—" the Grenadier began.

"I could hear all what they was saying," the Irish Guardsman finished.

"What was they saying, Mick?" the trooper inquired.

"Well, I didn't pay much attention meself," the Irish Guardsman admitted. "What I mean, I could have heard if I'd wanted, like, they was so close. Honest," he said, before the Grenadier had time to stop him, "if I'd put me hand out I could have touched them."

"Why the hell didn't you then," the Grenadier growled, "if you're all that keen?"

"Are you kidding?" said the Irish Guardsman indignantly. "What, and get meself seven days' C.B. for unsteady on parade?"

B. A. YOUNG

FROM THE CHINESE

Dreams

"THE soothing singers coo
'May all your dreams come
true!'"

"I hope not,"

Says the scribe Ching Foo,

"Sometimes I dream

That I am a player

About to go on the stage.

I stand at the side

In agony,

For I cannot recall

The appointed words,

Yet I have never wished

To be a player,

Even if I could remember

The words expected of me.

Sometimes

I am in a confused place

With many people.

I am going on a journey

And must collect

My belongings.

But they are scattered,

A garment here,

Another there.

I am late,

Time presses,

I go from place to place,

But always

My belongings

Have been removed

By evil men,

And, though I had three coats,

I have now

No coat at all.

This is not a dream

Which I wish

To become true.

Sometimes

It is necessary

That I walk swiftly:

For loved ones

Are in danger,

Or I am in fear.

But my legs

Are palsied,

They are made of wood,

I cannot move them,

The enemy is near.

Sometimes I dream

All night

Of wearisome companions

With whom,

Interminably,

I conduct

The same argument.

Sometimes I dream

That I have killed

An old woman.

Cunningly

I conceal the crime,

But always I know

That it will be revealed.

Once I came

To the place of execution,

But woke in time.

This was not

Very enjoyable.

Often I dream

That I am a foot-soldier

In the last war but one.

Cannon

Are directed at me.

There are explosions

In ruined houses

Or open fields;

I lie on my stomach

Expecting injury.

A few times

I have dreamed

Of a beautiful damsel.

But always,

Before I can embrace her,

She has gone.

Who, in real life,

Would wish to see

A beautiful damsel

Fade away

For ever!

There may be those,

More fortunate than I,

Who in their dreams

Enjoy security,

Lasting contentment,

The company of damsels

And lower taxes

Among the palm trees

By the golden sands.

But, for my part,

Says the scribe Ching Foo,

"I hope that few

Of my dreams come true."

A. P. H.



AT THE PLAY

Ivanov (ARTS)
Cry Liberty (VAUDEVILLE)



Ivanov has not been put on in London since the 'twenties. This was Tchekov's first long play, which he considered a failure. I suppose it is, but not for months have I enjoyed anything so much as the production of it at the Arts, where a cast of only moderately known actors and actresses sends one home in a glow of satisfaction induced all too seldom by bigger names in grander theatres. Mr. JOHN FERNALD's production is such a treat that of course it should go on to the West End; and if a manager can be found to undertake this public action I beg him not to tamper with the Arts team, at any rate in its upper reaches. A star pushed in for the sake of the box office would upset a balance far too good to be disturbed.

The play is a failure because Tchekov was trying to write an out-and-out tragedy, which was not his field, instead of a comedy of pathos, at which he was supreme. He got into difficulties with his plot, drawing most of our sympathy to a woman killed off in the third act, and leaving the rather tiresomely exhibitionist hero to continue ranting about his tortured soul for another whole act before finishing himself and the play with a revolver for some time. Yet none of our present dramatists, either here or in America, could begin to approach the brilliant sharpness of the characters or the rich overflow of their minds. One of the many pleasures of the evening is tracing Tchekov's later types from this gala assortment of



Semi-detached

Paet Lebedev—MR. FREDERICK LEISTER; *Nikolai Ivanov*—MR. MICHAEL HORDERN; *Dr. Leev*—MR. DAVID PHETREAN; *Count Shabatsky*—MR. HUGH PRYSE

impoverished squires, stinging heiresses, stuttering youths and hopelessly frustrated specimens of human absurdity. There is a drinking scene to cap anything at the Aldwych, and a drawing-room party so awesomely stiff-shirted that even the candles yawn.

Ivanov, the priggish man of action who drives himself into a nervous breakdown, kills his wife by his tantrums and rescues his mistress from a like fate by suicide, fails to be a tragic figure. It is enormously to Mr. MICHAEL HORDERN's credit that we are forced to take the creature seriously. With the shrivelled uncle (a perfect Tchekov prototype, eager to borrow so that he can go to Paris and moulder on his wife's grave)

Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER a wonderfully natural sketch of a genial, boozy old sinner, and though it flags a little at the tail there is not much the matter with a cast that is carefully matched and triumphantly handled.

After such generosity Miss ESTHER McCracken's machine-made comedy, *Cry Liberty*, seemed something of an anti-climax. Agreed that we are becoming thwarted ants, nevertheless it still remains impossible to make a really funny play out of the anger of dull people forbidden to build a shed. Such a task lays a competent cast a stymie before it starts. The action passes in a stagy kitchen of which we soon weary. The characters are permitted only a thin ration of thin jokes, and not a teaspoonful of mud to prove them farmers; and the only bright spot in a fog of convention is some delightful fooling by Mr. EDWIN STYLES.

Recommended

The Green Bay Tree at the Playhouse has lost something in revival, but is worth seeing. You have four days left for *Black Chiffon* (Westminster), not to be missed, and the Memorial Theatre at Stratford is deservedly busy. So book quickly.

ERIC KEOWN



Self-contained

William Hampton—MR. ANTHONY SHARP

Mr. HUGH PRYSE is much closer to genuine tragedy. Miss HELEN SHINGLER gives a lovely performance as *Ivanov's* unhappy wife,

MATHEMATICIAN

THEY taught me to manipulate an x
 In full relation with its kinsman y ,
 Hang curving brackets round their conjoint necks
 And raise them up to Powers exceeding high,
 Or worry out from their chaotic wrecks
 Equations neat and tasteful to the eye.

Such tortuous labours made a man of me,
 Straightened my mind from its primordial kinks
 Till it grew orderly as mind can be.

This being so, how can a man who thinks
 So clearly be so hopelessly at sea,
 Flounder so sadly that he always sinks?

The trouble of it is, they never said
 That binary equations were so rare
 In nature. X and y are duly wed,

Tucked up in their equations, neat and fair,
 When, with a clash of cymbals, in comes z ,
 With flashing eyes and vine-leaves in his hair.

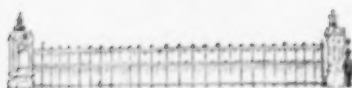
And after z dash in a ghostly crew,
 Rooted and squared, the short ones and the tall,
 A , b and c brought up by p and q
 With m and a cavorting in the hall,
 With labour I might integrate a few,
 But how to differentiate them all!

O for those binary delights gone by,
 My two components, nestling cheek by cheek!
 Great hordes of alphabet in ambush lie,
 Barring my way to delect Reason's peak . . .
 But who comes riding? ω and σ !
 Heaven defend me, must I deal with Greek?

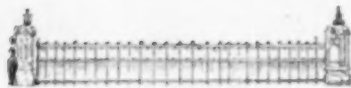
R. P. LISTER



"Hy! Can't you read?"



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, April 24th

There was a curious air of suppressed excitement in the House

House of Commons:
Happy Birthday, Sir
Stafford!

of Commons to-day, and Members seemed to be on a hair-trigger. The slightest joke was roared at. The slightest Party score was received with ecstatic cries from the scorer's friends and fanatical yells of fury from the scorees (to borrow a Whitehallism), all on an intense basis not seen or heard for a long time.

Perhaps it was the prospect of Wednesday (of which more in its correct chronological place) or it may have been the fact that it was the sixty-first birthday of Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS. The Chancellor strode in with that air of perennial youth which is the envy of all other Members in this Confined-to-Bar-racks Parliament, and he blushed and bowed when, many hours later, Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, from the Opposition Front bench, offered him warm congratulations.

Mr. CHURCHILL (wearing the only frock-coat seen in Parliament these days) opened the debate on the Budget with an analysis of the Government's financial and economic record. In five years, said he, the Government had spent more than £19,000,000,000, and the estimated spending for this year was nearly £4,000,000,000. With the highest taxation in the world, we had had to receive upwards of £1,700,000,000 in Marshall Aid and help from the Dominions. And, on the home side, the purchasing power of the pound had fallen by 4s. since 1945, to the great detriment of pensioners and others on fixed incomes. This was "exploitation of the toiling masses" which the Labour Party, in other days, had so hotly condemned.

"There's no need to wait for Utopia," cried Mr. C., with a dramatic gesture. "This is it! It is here to stay, if only it doesn't get worse!"

Mr. CHURCHILL announced that he and his colleagues intended to vote against the increase of 9d. a gallon in the petrol tax—which would raise taxi and bus fares and increase distribution costs generally—and the purchase-tax on commercial vehicles—which he regarded as a tax on the essential equipment of commerce and industry.

His peroration was an eloquent plea for the bridging of the gap between the Parties to see the nation through its economic and political troubles—for he could not foresee how far down the "dark stair" the nation might yet have to go.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Anthony Eden
(Warwick and Leamington)

The formidable task of following Mr. CHURCHILL fell to Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, Minister of State for Economic Affairs, and probably the most popular Minister, combining wide knowledge with a real sense of humour and good temper. When he had finished, the debate went dull, until the time came for Mr. OLIVER STANLEY to wind up for the Opposition. Mr. STANLEY employs the witty approach, and some of his shafts drew roars of laughter from all parts of the house—when, for instance, he drew a picture of a man, in a burst of anti-social extravagance, buying his girl friend a lorry—another name for a "commercial vehicle," now to be taxed to keep down purchases.

Sir STAFFORD replied a little acidly, and there was a sigh of relief

from the crowded Government benches when the debate ended without a division. But there's always Wednesday.

Tuesday, April 25th

Many seemed to find a certain political significance in the fact that the day's debate in the Commons was on subsidence—which is the trouble caused by the fact that, far below the surface, coal or some other substance has been taken away, causing the earth to subside and, maybe, buildings to crack or fall.

At all events the Whips whirled and cracked to make sure that subsidence should not affect the Government—to-morrow.

Mr. NOEL BAKER, the Minister of Fuel, admitted that the Bill—to give compensation for subsidence damage—was not a very adequate one, but pleaded that it was the best that could be done at present. And so the House gave it a Second Reading, and hurried home to prepare for—The Day.

Wednesday, April 26th

Even the occupants of the public galleries seemed to find it difficult to breathe in the tense atmosphere of the House of Commons. Members on both sides were so excited that Question-time became almost a farce, for everybody seemed to be talking at high speed and loudly. It took all Mr. Speaker's tact and skill to steer the time of interrogation to its appointed end.

The noise was so great, indeed, that Mr. HUGH FRASER and Mr. MAURICE WEBB were able to turn it neatly to account. Affecting not to have heard a reply from the Minister Mr. FRASER innocently asked—by way of "supplementary"—whether the Government was aware that Palestine had won the 2,000 Guineas race at Newmarket. When the cheerful uproar at this

House of Commons:
The Day



"This is what comes of marrying a career woman."

news had died down Mr. WEBB, with an equally innocent air, replied that he thought his honourable friend really wanted the information that the Government had retained *West Dunbartonshire* by 293 votes. This, too, came as hot news and was loudly cheered on the Government side.

The two items, incidentally, had something in common—the race was won on a "photo-finish," the by-election after a re-count.

Then Mr. Speaker put the formal resolutions approving tax changes in the Budget. There was dead silence. The first resolution was announced—an additional tax on light hydrocarbon oils (*alias* petrol). There was silence on the Opposition benches. Government supporters gasped audibly, then roared and jeered. Had the Tories missed their chance, let the resolution go by default?

But no. Mr. Speaker gently explained to the excited Labour forces that he had not completed the putting of the question. When

he did there was a roar of "No!" and the battle was on. Government and Opposition Members, some looking pale and ill, others walking with sticks, or even on crutches, trooped into their rival lobbies.

Time passed. Mr. BOB TAYLOR, the Government Deputy Chief Whip, walked in glum of face, and strode to the position allotted to the *losers* of divisions. Government supporters gasped with dismay, and the silence grew more intense than ever. Then Mr. TAYLOR stepped forward a pace or two, and it was clear that his location had been accidental. Soon afterwards the other tellers came in, and a yell of triumph rose from the Government side as it became evident that their tellers had taken up the winning position. *Ayes, 304; Noes, 299.*

Half a dozen formal resolutions went unchallenged; then No. 8, dealing with purchase tax on light commercial vehicles, was called and challenged loudly.

The same process produced the same result, gained the same cheers,

and then, the excitement over, the House passed to other business.

Thursday, April 27th

All was calm and bright until Mr. ALFRED BARNES, Minister of Transport, produced a statement about an increase in freight rates on the nationalized railways. At once everything seemed to go up in flames. Mr. EDEN got angry, Mr. MORRISON got angrier, and Mr. CHURCHILL got toughest, complaining that the increases meant a new "tax" of £27,000,000 a year on the long-suffering people and industry of the country.

Then there was a long wrangle about the right of the House to discuss the plan—which was not made less bitter by an error by the Minister, who said that no Parliamentary sanction was needed. It turned out that sanction was necessary, so we shall hear lots more about it all.

Temper subsided accordingly.



"But do all the other little boys have them, Johnnie?"

NEW SEASON

"TWO bitters, please," says Cedric to our captain; adding that he does not, for the life of him, see how he can possibly retain me in the side during the coming season.

"Your *batting*," he explains. "And your *fielding*!" He shakes his head sadly.

"You do not bowl me sufficiently," I point out. "There is a great future for my bowling. It is based on scientific principles."

"Your bowling is unspeakably dreadful," Cedric says. "I am a wicket-keeper and I know. There was that time when . . ."

I recall it well. Had the match been first class my over would have received mention in *Wisden*. But that is no reason why Cedric should be allowed to become dominating. . . .

"The fault was entirely yours," I tell him. "When you put me on I notified you that I was going to do my Bedser stuff. As soon as I

informed the umpire of my intention to bowl round the wicket you should have realized that I meant *Eric Bedser*. Your action in retreating three-quarters of the way to the boundary put me off my length."

"Then," Cedric continues, "you chew grass—"

"I miss my pipe."

"—and gossip with girls beside the sight-screen."

"They are beautiful girls," I explain. "I am instructing them in the finer points of the game. Obviously someone has to do this."

"Not you. And not when you are supposed to be fielding."

"They are tremendous admirers of yours," I add unctuously. "You are their hero."

Cedric is not impressed. "You can't throw either," he says.

"Then why put me on the boundary?" I ask. "You know I prefer the slips."

"The slips," he says firmly, "are booked. They are no place for grass chewers and gossipers. No," says Cedric, "you must go. What was your batting average last season?"

"I can't remember," I lie. "I never was one to play for mere figures. That is why I am so rarely not out."

"You must go," says Cedric.

"Experts have expressed surprise at the beauty of my forward stroke."

"You must go."

"The sweep to leg, the body nicely balanced on the heel of the right foot—"

"You must—"

"Sir Donald Bradman—"

"You—"

Clearly the time has come to put my foot down. I must speak plainly.

"Cedric," I say, "if I go, who is going to collect the tea money?"

And I have him there.

BOOKING OFFICE

American Relations

ANGLO-AMERICAN relations have supported a good many indigent thinkers during the past few years. The rule seems to be—if you can't hold a job in one country get someone to stake you as an expert on the other. The Englishman starts out with a good deal of casual affection for America, but after a few years of being lectured on the duty of loving it he goes cold. Americans, who seem friendly enough when one meets them, equally object to being sold Britain's virtues. Unless a relationship is taken for granted it grows hesitant and sour. Every time a politician or publicist or public-relations man makes a speech about the moral duty and material advantage of closer Anglo-American union the average Englishman and American glare at each other like children told to make friends at a party. Nothing would create stronger solidarity than a determination to go on being as British and as American as possible without caring a hoot for Anglo-American opinion, with an occasional explosion of the cheerful rudeness which makes family life possible. A really active Anti-American Society in London and an Anti-British Society in New York would improve relations like anything.

These observations arise from the enjoyment of three books, each of which is very American, takes not the slightest notice of what Britain or anyone else thinks, and warms the heart while sometimes infuriating the head.

The Aspirin Age is a collection of accounts of episodes in American history from the Treaty of Versailles to Pearl Harbour. The writers include several leading American journalists, some of whom took part in the incidents they describe. The book mixes serious politics—the Depression, the New Deal, Wendell Willkie—with revealing news stories like the life of Aimée McPherson and the fate of the "Morro Castle." The authors vary, but on the whole their approach is critical, though usually not far left of Roosevelt. One's first feeling is incredulity that any country can be run as these Americans make out; but soon one realizes that somehow or other America works, and comes to admire the vitality that makes it possible. The American Way of Life is far more attractive when it is presented as frankly as here than when it is wrapped for export in lavender platitudes.

Miss Emily Hahn is a Middle-Westerner who married an Englishman and, after a life of globe-trotting which ended in a Japanese internment camp, came to live in the family seat in Dorset. Her *England to Me* makes a picture of America by contrast. It is a good-humoured account of the adjustment to English ways of a vigorous, eccentric woman, the peculiarities of whose ménage are developed with loving care. Miss Hahn claims to be a bad housewife and, while sure that English children are repressed, is uncertain of her upbringing of her own child. Her tartness at the grouching of English housewives over food, for example, and

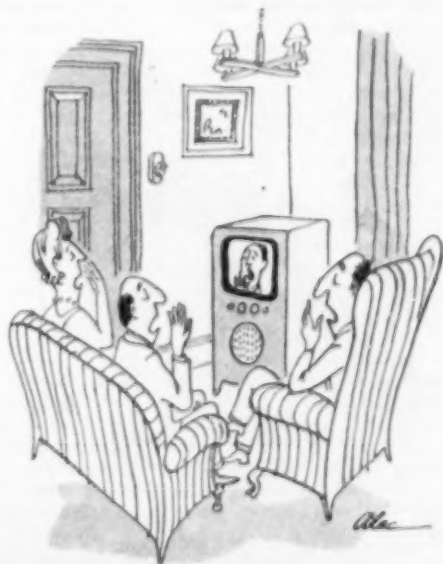
the oddities of her husband, who is introduced as a typical Regular Major and then suddenly becomes a Professor of Portuguese History, save her book from being just another of a familiar kind. The America she represents is lively-minded, fond of gadgets but not dependent on them, and hostile to uniformity.

Mr. Stuart Chase's *The Proper Study of Mankind* is a very American hymn of praise to the achievements of Social Science, and a programme for the future. It is a lucid and convincing plea, with a touch of Wells, and is full of interesting information about research already carried out, though its claims are surely extravagant—that enough university research departments in social science could apparently stop war, banish poverty and make the whole world happy. In its optimism and its hero-worship it represents the America that gets things done. A brilliant piece of condensation and persuasion, it should appeal to a wider audience than most books on social science. It is, perhaps, typical of this particular America that the book contains no reference to the work of Professor Rhine. Its limitation of the actual to the statistically representable reflects an aspect of American civilization which perplexes its English admirers.

R. G. G. PRICE

A Sage in the Theatre

Constantin Stanislavski aimed at perfection, but the standards of the Moscow Art Theatre were ample proof that he was essentially a practical man. In "An Actor Prepares" his teaching methods were described through the medium of an imaginary stage school, and



now *Building a Character* is a further account, on the same lines, of the principles he drove into his pupils with so much patience and ingenuity. The translator, who has dealt resourcefully with a mass of dialogue, is again Miss Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. These considered opinions of one of the greatest directors of all time are not to be missed by students, nor by any whose interest in the theatre is serious. Stanislavski disliked stars and believed in team work; he had no use for exhibitionism, and his insistence on discipline—understood and self-imposed—was absolute. What he strove for above all was an inner consciousness in acting, so that even a minor player should feel intensely the whole purpose of his part.

E. O. D. K.

Learn as You Earn

The present high price of domestic help—and the impossibility of pursuing a professional career without employing it—encourages the wise woman to engage herself in this most despised and essential of arts. *As Cooks Go* shows a young wife of gentle birth, left with two little girls to fend for, starting out to provide for herself and her children—and an intrepid, entertaining and illuminating story it is. Every woman who wonders why cooks lack ardour should encounter the sluttish London kitchen where Elizabeth Jordan prepared dressed crabs (three) for a bachelor party of six; the Highland hotel whose thirty exigent guests are set against a derelict range and a series of mutinous scullions; and the American couple who feed their claret. Mrs. Jordan, who makes her telling points against self and circumstances with equal humour and charity, tucks and trims from one grim job to another until she attains a congenial and well-deserved berth.

H. F. E.



"Well, funnies enough, at first it did cross our minds that he might have escaped from somewhere."

Some Naval Occasions

In *Moanulua* (the name is Maori for "Sea and Mountain") Commander Thomas Woodroffe, R.N., harks back to some years between the wars when he served on the New Zealand Station. As he says, "the reader will find himself whisked without method into the past and all round the south-western Pacific." The book is, necessarily, a bit disjointed, but it is full of good stories, funny and anxious situations, and enchanting character studies of people who (with one exception) are met with fleetingly and never seen again. There are the Pitcairn islanders with their religious fervours and open tears and habit of fleeing strangers. There is the dancing daughter of a chief of the Society Islands, and there are the members of a girls' school that was recruited in error. The exception is Old Wells, Chief Petty Officer of the training ship *Philomel*, who reappears in the last chapter and should have a book to himself. He was a superb character and the author does him proud. A very good book.

B. E. B.

Through American Eyes

Tender Mercy by Lenard Kaufman could be called a drama of good intentions which cause more harm than the most criminal motives; Elizabeth, the heroine, gives up three years of her life to work with the Ballard family so that her husband, Rudy, can be cured of T.B. in an expensive sanatorium; the Ballards themselves are unbelievably kind; while their son, Aaron, an idiot boy, who cannot be handled by anyone else, adores Elizabeth. But when Rudy returns after such a long absence he receives their self-sacrificing efforts neither with kindness nor understanding, but with a kind of tortured belligerency. The resulting drama which ends in a "mercy killing" overflows with emotion. The construction of the book is smooth and well done; the writing American in style.

R. K.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Aspirin Age*. Edited by Isabel Leighton. (The Bodley Head, 16/-)
England to Me. Emily Hahn. (Jonathan Cape, 10/6)
The Proper Study of Mankind. Stuart Chase. (Phoenix House, 16/-)
Building a Character. Constantin Stanislavski; translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. (Reinhardt and Evans, 15/-)
As Cooks Go. Elizabeth Jordan. (Faber, 10/6)
Moanulua. Thomas Woodroffe. (Faber, 12/6)
Tender Mercy. Lenard Kaufman. (Macmillan, 9/6)

Other Recommended Books

- The Image of a Driven Sword*. Jocelyn Brooke. (Bodley Head, 8/6) Symbolic Kafkaesque short novel about a man mysteriously conscripted into the Army. Brooding atmosphere fading away in horror. Not quite successful, but compelling.
Ceylon. Lionel Wendt. (Lincoln-Prager, 42/-) The landscape, people, architecture, atmosphere of Ceylon presented in 120 fine full-page photographs handsomely reproduced. Biographical introduction about the brilliant photographer, who died in 1944; technical note on his methods.
The Summer School Mystery. Josephine Bell. (Methuen, 9/6) Background and character-drawing make a readable novel in which the crime is more interesting than the detection. Dr David Winttingham suffers hair-raising experiences without losing his bedside manner. Brisk and enjoyable.

GUIDANCE ON SAUCERS

WHEN the head of the Information Department of the Ministry for Quadrilateral Affairs rose we knew it was something top secret. He very seldom rose at a conference; and, besides, he was wearing his O.B.E. ribbon on his lapel. Even Mandrill, working on an intricate wire puzzle he keeps for the conferences, looked up.

"Gentlemen," began the head, "what we've been expecting over here for some time has now officially arrived. The agencies report that one has been seen over the Wash—hovering, swaying from side to side, and emitting short puffs of blue smoke. One witness has said that he could see someone waving what looked like a white handkerchief from a trapdoor in its underside. The witness is understood to have waved back. A schoolmaster, correcting examination papers, states that he glanced at it absently through his open window, but did nothing beyond closing the window.

"I have just been talking to the Minister, who tells me that although there has been a *rotte-face* in Washington, the Quai d'Orsay has had a *mauvais quart d'heure*—"

"Should that not be—"
McAssar began to murmur.

"—but we have agreed on a line for a statement. This I propose to give you now.

"We shall admit that it has been seen, but that the Government after consultation with the Opposition does not consider that any immediate action is necessary. The sky is, however, being watched very carefully. It is not anticipated that it will appear in large enough numbers to warrant the issue of a White Paper; nor is it expected to have any appreciable influence on the dollar situation.

"We can, nevertheless, let ourselves go on its appearance. No harm in adding a couple of flapping steel wings and a beak. But you will not, repeat not"—and here the head bent a severe brow in Mandrill's direction—"carry the thing to absurd lengths. It will not utter shrill piercing cries; nor will it be



WIERKE

"I suppose it's last year's programme."

scaly. We can throw down the report from Sutton Coldfield that it has interfered with television reception."

The head lowered his voice and looked almost furtive for a moment.

"For our own information, it is thought upstairs that (a) it is some kind of advertising stunt—it may drop imitation eggs containing, for instance, free samples of something or other; or (b)——"

"I hate this (a) and (b) stuff," whispered McAssar to me, "I always get mixed up."

"—or (b) it is some kind of vote-catching propaganda by a party or parties unknown. I hear from a very unreliable source—Baldrik of Inland Waterways—that there has been a good deal of warm discussion in the Ministry for Aeronautical Affairs about the feasibility of fixing long nets coated

with tar between barrage balloons to try to take it alive. But this has been rather frowned upon because the question of feeding and accommodation would certainly mean questions in the House. Well, now—any points?"

Mandrill threw down his puzzle hard.

"The beak-and-wings line should be all right for the diplomatic correspondents," he said, "but I'm not so certain about the evenings and the Sundays. They worry about implications, and horoscopes and international repercussions. And if by any chance we have another Loch Ness season, or the praying mantis land in the Thames Estuary again, well . . . But at least we can tell the dramatic critics that it's probably some bad-tempered manifestation from a celestial mad hatter's tea-party. . . ."

RECORD ROUND-UP

WELL, folks, here we are—just you and me sitting cosily over the fire, and we're going to listen to a few of our favourite gramophone records. First of all, though, I want you to make yourselves really comfortable. Take your jacket off, if you haven't got it off already. Loosen your collar and tie. A man can't be really relaxed with his neck in the grip of a stiff, hard collar, now can he? Personally I'm going to take my tie right off and open the neck of my shirt. I don't have to take my collar off, because I'm wearing one of those American-type shirts with the collar attached that open down the front like a coat. You know, I find the coat-style shirt is a whole lot more convenient than the kind you pull over your head. It's all a matter of taste of course. If some of you like to keep right on with the old conservative style of shirt that doesn't open down the front and has a separate collar that's perfectly all right with me.

But, as I was saying, I'm taking off my tie and just carelessly stuffing it in my pocket. There! Now I can relax. Darn it, I'm going to take my shoes off too. I guess a good many of you folks listening around your firesides have got your shoes off and your feet on the mantelpiece, eh? I'm going to make myself just as comfortable and relaxed as you are, so as we can really lean back and enjoy these records together. Aaaaah! There's one shoe

off. Now for the other shoe . . . Oh-oh! You know what I just found! That's right—a hole in my sock! A great big hole right in the toe of my left sock. That's the worst of being a bachelor. Now if I had a little wife, I know she'd never let me go to the studio for a broadcast with a great huge hole in one sock.

You know, folks, I certainly envy you married men sitting right there by your own firesides with your feet on the mantelpiece and no holes in your socks, just quietly enjoying these favourite records of ours that I'm going to play for you in a minute. There you are in the comfort of your own home, with the kiddies tucked up in bed and the little woman right beside you, maybe knitting a tea-cosy or darning her husband's socks—just a calm, contented family group. Yes, sir, I certainly do feel envious towards you, but I don't grudge you one single mite of that deep tranquil contentment of yours, because I feel that in these old record programmes of ours we just all get together and the happiness of one is the happiness of all.

Now, I'm just going to fill my old briar pipe with my favourite mellow tobacco and get it drawing nice and smooth, and then we can put on a record or two. I usually smoke a pipe while I'm playing these records for you, because I find a pipe helps me to get really relaxed.

In the daytime when I'm rushing around I don't always find it convenient to smoke a pipe, so then I smoke one or two cigarettes instead; but in the evenings when we're just all sitting around together like this I certainly do prefer a pipe.

Well, now, if you're all really comfortable and relaxed, like I am, I guess I'll just put one of these records on the machine here. I'm just lifting up the record now, and in a few moments we'll all be sitting back and enjoying it together. You know, folks, I certainly enjoy these gramophone records that I play for you, but I almost think I get more real solid satisfaction from just talking to you in this friendly, comfortable way. It's not for me to say of course whether you enjoy listening to me more than hearing the records. You do! Well, now, that's certainly kind of you to say so. It certainly is kind. I don't want to put you to any trouble, but if you cared to drop a postcard to the B.B.C. just mentioning that you enjoyed my little friendly talks I know the B.B.C. would appreciate that very much. You will? You'll do it right away? Well, they do say there's no time like the present, don't they? But don't you trouble to put your shoes on and go out and mail that postcard right now—just get it written and put a stamp on it and stand it on the mantelpiece where you'll be sure to see it in the morning. I wouldn't like you to miss this record.

G. D. R. DAVIES



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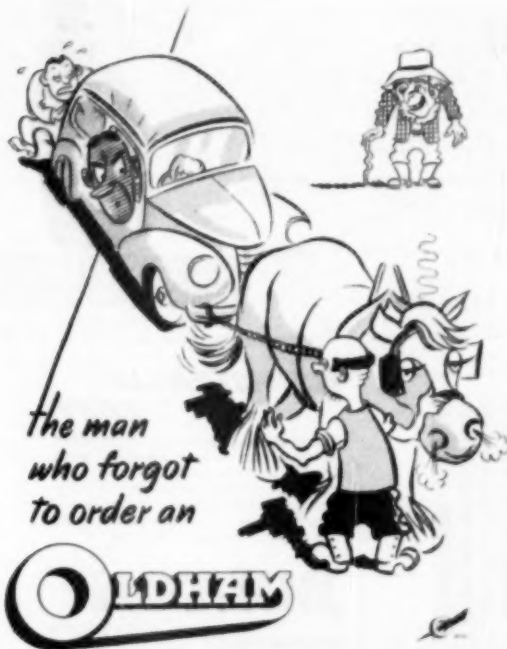
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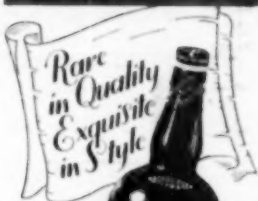
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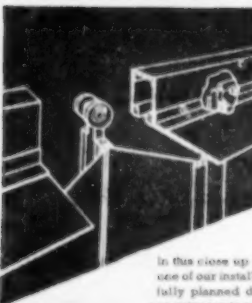
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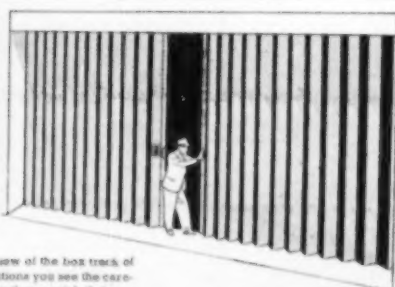


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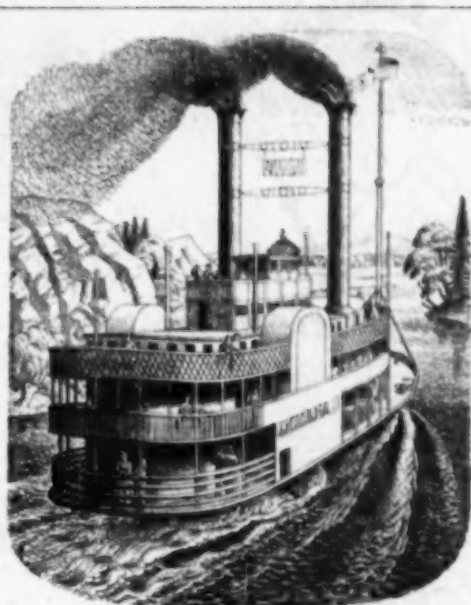
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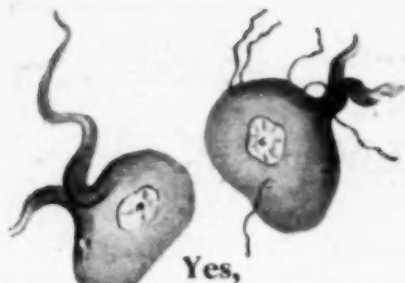
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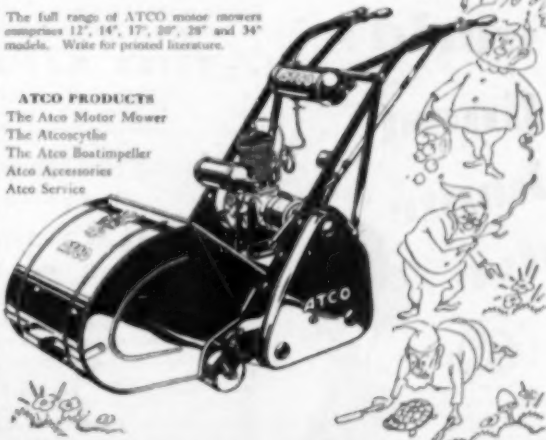


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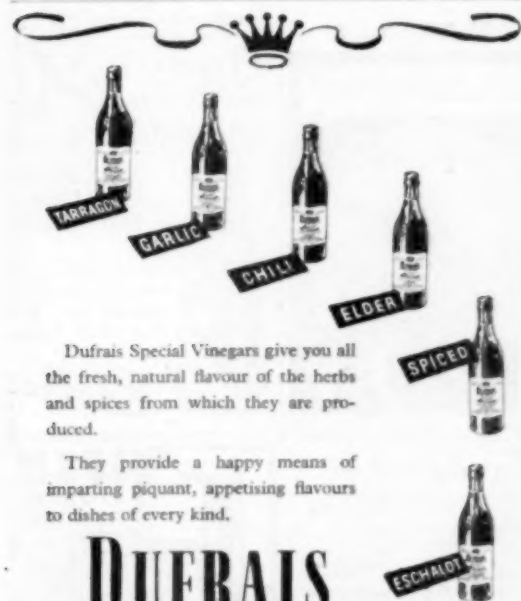
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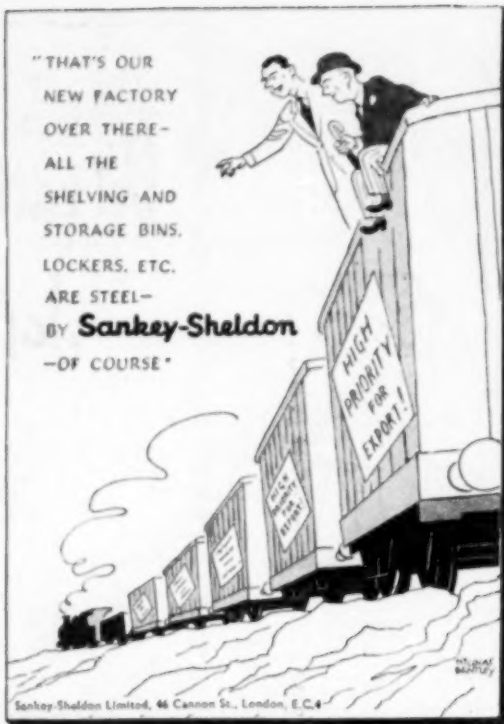


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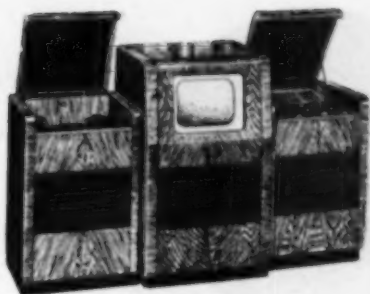
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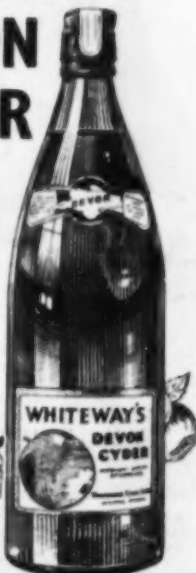
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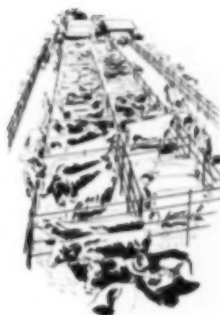


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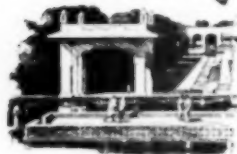
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